The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

Katie's Guide.

INTO the beautiful sunshine
Go little Katie and May;
Over the fields to the woodland,
Merrily making their way.
Breezes come bringing the rose-bloom
On their bright faces to lay;
Into the shade of the woodland,
Into its quiet go they.

Gently the leaves rustling o'er them
Welcoming words seem to say;
High in the branches, a robin
Trills them his merriest lay;
Beautiful wild-flowers blooming
Tempt them yet farther to stray.

Here, in the sunlight, blue Asters
Seem to be nodding to them;
There the pale bells of the Foxglove
Bend with their weight the frail stem;
And by the side of the marshes
Glows the bright Cardinal gem.

On they go, lured by the flowers:
When they no longer would stay
Vainly they search for the footpath,
Vainly they seek for a way
Out of the shade of the woodland,
Into the bright, open day.

Frightened, and weary, and weeping,
Down on a leaf-bed they lie —
Through the dark green of the branches
Glimmers the blue of the sky;
And, through the beautiful ether,
Slowly the snowy clouds fly.

"Let us stop crying," said Katie;
"See that white cloud, sister May!
Maybe the Father has sent it,
Showing us children the way,
Just as he once guided Moses
Into fair Canaan, by day."

With a firm faith in their cloud-guide,
Watching it sail through the blue,
Turning their eyes, again, eastward, —
What is it now meets their view?
Roof of a house and its chimney!
Showing the green leafage through.

Joy! 'tis the home of a woodman!
Soon the old foot-path they find, —
Into the sunlight they hasten,
Leaving the shadows behind.
Soon the fond arms of their mother
Round them are lovingly twined.

H. H. D.

For the Myrtle.

Aunt Harriett's Doll.

GROUPED around Aunt Harriet, in Capt. May's parlor, were a number of little girls. Their father and mother had gone out to spend the evening; and they had begun, as usual when left in her care, to tease their aunt for a story.

"Well, what shall it be?" she said at length, laying her book one side.

"Was oo ever a lit' mite dirl?" asked Kitty, a tiny three-year-old.

"Yes," Aunt Harriet said laughing.

"Course she was," said the older ones, who thought themselves very wise to know more than little Kitty.

"Oh!" and Kitty clapped her little hands in glee. "Den — den tell 'bout when oo lit' dirl," she shouted.

"Yes, *do*, please!" chimed in the older ones, who thought that would be the very best thing they could hear.

"Well — let me think," Aunt Harriet said, looking into the fire.

"Did you ever have a doll?" asked fair-haired little Lucy, who had since yesterday rejoiced in the possession of a large waxen beauty.

"Yes, one," was the answer; "and I think I will tell you about that."

"That will be splendid!" and baby Kitty climbed into auntie's lap, while the older ones huddled closer about her knee.

"I was just your age, Lucy," began Aunt Harriet, — "seven years old, when my father went to Boston on business, and on his return brought me what I had always longed for, and which among the little girls of my acquaintance was very rare — a doll. My joy knew no bounds. I was almost too happy to eat or sleep; and for the next week or two there was scarcely a night that some little girl did not accompany me home from school, to look upon the wondrous beauty of my treasure. I am afraid that I felt a little satisfaction in exciting the envy of my schoolmates by inviting them in to see my 'Rose,' as I called the doll.

Well, I kept Rose so very carefully, that at the end of three years — when I was ten years old, just the age of you, Annie — she was almost as handsome as new. Time had left no mark upon her face, save one tiny black scar upon the tip of her dainty nose; and though I sorely regretted this, in reality it did not very much mar her beauty. Your Aunt Kitty — for whom you were named, little Kit — was then just Lucy's age now; and she thought *ten* years a very great age indeed. She often said, to my great annoyance, 'Hattie, if I was such an old girl as *you*, I wouldn't be seen playing with a doll.'

'What would you do with it, Kitty?' I asked one day.

'Why,' was her answer, 'I'd give it to some little girl like *I*.'

I did not feel the least inclined to act on any such hint, however, having firmly made up my mind to keep Rose as long as I lived; and when I had done playing with her, to lay her away in some drawer, where I could occasionally take an admiring peep at her.

Kitty's desire to possess my doll seemed to increase rather than to grow less, until she teased me for it so incessantly every time I brought it out to play with, that I could take no comfort of my play, unless I stole away somewhere by myself; and even then I was in constant fear lest Kitty should come bounding in with her perpetual 'Won't you please give me that dollie, Hattie, if I'll be real good every single mite of the time?'

It was in the fall, just after the garden produce had been gathered and put into the cellar. I remember we had some turnips in one corner, just under the cellar-window — what seemed to me an immense pile of them. Little sister Kitty had been trying to learn to count; and it seemed to me, with all my ten years' wisdom, that she had made very stupid work of it, though she had at last succeeded in learning quite well. One pleasant forenoon, when the sun shone brightly through the skylight window, I took Rose carefully from her box and stole softly up into the attic, to make her a new silk hat. I had just got the frame neatly adjusted to her head, when — crash! open flew the door, and Kitty stood before me, almost breathless with excitement, and clapping her hands in glee.

'O Hattie Grover! I've found you — I've found you and darling Rosie, if you did hide away from me so sly!' she shouted.

'Now, Kitty, I think you are too bad!' I exclaimed, not being in the least glad to see my visitor.

'Dear sister Hattie,' said she, as if about to broach some subject entirely new; 'won't you please to let me have Rosie for my own dollie? You know I haven't said one single word about it to-day; and I will do everything you want me to, *always* and *ever*, if you only will.'

'I'll tell you, Kitty,' said I, a remarkably bright idea striking me. 'If you'll go down cellar and count all the turnips that are piled up in the corner — *every turnip, mind you* — I'll give you Rosie. Now, if you won't do that, you needn't ever ask me for Rosie again; for I won't give her to you.'

'Now, Hattie, are you really in true earnest?' asked Kitty.

'Yes, Kitty,' said I, 'solemn and true.'

'And won't you give her to me 'nless I count every *single* one?'

'Every single one, Kitty,' I answered.

Kitty's face grew sober. 'Oh, it's an *awful* heap of turnips, Hattie. I think there's more'n a million; and you know I can't count a million —*quite*';' and Kitty turned and walked slowly down stairs, and left me immensely delighted with my brilliant ruse.

'I guess I've shut up Kitty's head on that now, for good,' I said aloud to Rose, who I fancied gave me a smile of congratulation; and I worked away with renewed zeal on the silk hat. I heard nothing further from Kitty, and remained unmolested a long time, until I had the hat nearly completed.

'Harriet!' my mother's voice came up the stairway. 'Come down and get the potatoes for dinner; I am very busy.'

With a parting fond look at the hat, I ran down stairs, and, taking the potato pan, descended to the cellar. The first thing that attracted my attention was the turnip heap that had almost entirely changed its place — only a few remaining in the corner, compared with the whole heap. The next object that met my gaze, to my greatest dismay, was your Aunt Kitty, squatted upon the ground, holding an enormous turnip in her chubby hands, and looking me straight in the eye with a triumphant look in her own bright eyes. She evidently thought she had outwitted me at last; and she was repeating in a low tone, 'Two hundred 'n free — two hundred 'n free — two hundred 'n free.' Crestfallen enough that my *brilliant* plot for ridding myself of Kitty's teasing had but proved a trap for my own unwary self, and filled with a sudden terror lest I must indeed part with my beloved Rose, I picked up my potatoes without one word, and went up to the kitchen to wash them.

The possibility even of Kitty's undertaking the job had not entered my mind. I washed my potatoes in silence, telling my mother nothing about the matter. But I could not keep it secret if I would, for Kitty soon came tearing into the room half wild with joy, shouting 'Two hundred 'n fifty-seven — two hundred 'n fifty-seven!'

'Two hundred and fifty-seven what, Kitty?' mother asked.

'Turnips!' screamed Kitty. 'Now I want my dollie, Hattie; now I want my handsome Rosie!'

'What's all this noise about?' mother asked.

I did not care to explain, and Kitty was very ready to save me the trouble; and so she told the whole story in her eager way. I must confess mother's laugh at the close of her account was rather cutting to me; but I was too proud to acknowledge my chagrin, and when mother asked, 'What are you going to do now, Hattie?' I tried to look very dignified, and to appear not in the least discomfited, as I answered, 'Why, let her have the doll, I suppose.'

So I walked away and brought the doll down to Kitty, whose delight and affectionate kisses did really in a measure console me for my loss; and yet, though mother did not know it, nor Kitty, I went away and had one hearty cry; and I assure you, from that day I learned never to make any promises which I did not expect and intend to keep."

The Best That I Can.

"I CANNOT do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright!
My silvery beams cannot struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night!
But I'm only a part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can!"

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
Though caught in her cup of gold!
Yet am I a part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy golden head:
"Mother said, 'Darling, do all you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan.'"

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Nor the cloud with its chalice full,
How, why, and for what, all strange things were —
She was only a child at school!
But she thought, "It is part of God's great plan
That even I should do all that I can."

So she helped a younger child along,
When the road was rough to the feet;
And she sang from her heart a little song,
That we all thought passing sweet.
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said, "I will do likewise the best that I can."

Our best? Ah! children, the best of us
Must hide our faces away,
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look
At our task at the close of day!
But for strength from above ('tis the Master's plan)
We'll pray, and we'll do the best that we can.

Helping Each Other.

GRANDMA is sewing for Annie to-day,—
What can she do for such kindness to pay?
Silver or gold little Annie has not,
And Grandma no time for her kisses has got.

But Grandma can listen, and Annie can read,
And both are repaid as the stories they heed;
While the eyes and the hands toil in service combined,
The debt is paid back to the ears and the mind.

For the Myrtle.

How to Command and How to Serve.

OUR young friends Etta and Lizzie have a gay houseful of company this summer. They live at a charming place a little out from the city, in a roomy country house on the banks of a beautiful lake. They own a nice boat, and their father has built them a boat-house; and there is scarcely a morning that some of the lads and lasses are not out early as the birds, rowing the boat swiftly across the lake in the strife for developing muscle and becoming good rowers; and no evening at all when the weather is fine but their songs and laughter may be heard floating back across the water, or they be seen straggling home perchance at the late hour of ten, trailing shawls and oars and cushions as they come, laughing and shouting, to the scandal of all their sober neighbors.

It would seem that they were having the happiest summer in the world. But there is one of their number who finds a thorn in her roses and bitter in her cup all the time. That is Lizzie, the "little girl" of the party, so called and treated because she is so unfortunate as to be a little younger, though she is quite as large as any.

The other day she confided her troubles to her mother. "Mother," she broke out in a fit of desperation, "I want to know if I *must* be ordered around by everybody in this house. Etta and Maggie are making me do something all the time, and I think it's real mean! It's 'Lizzie, go to the post-office and get the letters'; or 'Lizzie, get the oars and the cushions, and we'll all go to sail'; or 'Lizzie, hunt up the croquet balls, for we're going to have a game'; and if I don't go that minute, or say I don't want to, then they say, 'Now, Lizzie, I think you're real unkind,' or 'I wouldn't be so selfish'; and I don't want to be called so. Mother, *have* I got to mind everybody that orders me around? If I haven't, I wish you'd tell everybody to stop it."

Her mother pondered a little, and replied, "If I 'tell everybody to stop it,' then 'everybody' will know you complained. But, Lizzie, you needn't 'mind' the girls unless you want to. Just remember that all the time. They have no more authority over you than you over them. If they tell you to do a thing, you may feel perfectly free to do it or not, just as you please; *and then I want you to 'please' to do it just as often as you can.*"

Lizzie felt the force of these last words, and thought about it a good deal.

The next day the familiar call was heard, "Lizzie, get out the oars and cushions, for we are going to row out and get some water-lilies when the boys get back."

"I don't want to," said Lizzie.

"O you lazy girl," said Etta; "before I'd be so unkind as that."

"You *are* unkind," said Lizzie stoutly; "unkinder than I am. You say 'Lizzie, do this,' and 'Lizzie, do that,' as if you'd bought me and paid for me; and I shall do it when I want to, and when I don't want to I shan't. So," she added, putting on the self-same tone, "Etta, go and get the oars and the cushions, for we want to go boating! How do *you* like it?" and off she marched.

Lizzie was sitting in the door, when Etta stole

softly down stairs. "Come, Lizzie," she said coaxingly, "you know Maggie and I have got our crimps to take down and our dresses to change before the boys come, and you're all ready. I thought you'd just as soon get the boat."

"Well, who said I wouldn't?" said she, trying still to be cross.

"I thought you said something like it."

"I said I wouldn't if I didn't want to," she called back, half way down the yard; "but I want to *now*."

That afternoon there was a gay time out among the lilies, and the thorn seemed to have been picked out for good. Somebody seemed to have learned that it was better to ask than to command, and somebody else that it was better willingly to oblige than grudgingly to obey.

For the Myrtle.

Allie's First Speech.

A TRUE STORY.

LITTLE ALLIE was nearly two years old, yet no one had ever heard her speak a word. Sometimes, Allie's mamma would say, "I am afraid Allie will never learn to talk like other children." But Allie's papa would say, "Have no fear, Allie will talk as well as anybody by-and-by"; and Allie's papa was right.

One day Allie's mamma went away from home, and left Allie in the care of her sister Mary Ann.

Mary Ann was busy sewing. She gave Allie her blocks, and her dollie, and told her to keep quiet. Allie played "making a house" with the blocks, then she played with her dollie, and then she threw dollie down on the floor, and almost broke her poor china head; and then Allie ran after Snowball, the little white kitten. She caught kitty by the tail, and when kitty cried she slapped her on the head, to make her keep still. Allie tied a string around kitty's neck, and made believe kitty was a horse; but she grew tired of playing in a little while, and wanted her sister Mary Ann to hold her in her lap. She pulled Mary Ann's dress as hard as she could, but Mary Ann kept her eye on her sewing, and took no notice of little tired Allie. Then Allie pulled her sewing almost out of her hands, which made Mary Ann look up and say quite crossly,

"Go away, Allie, and play with your dollie."

But Allie would not go away. She did not want to play with her dollie. She caught Mary Ann's sewing again in her little hands, and threw it on the floor.

"You are a naughty little girl," said Mary Ann; and at the same time she gave Allie a gentle tap on the head. Mary Ann was the naughty girl. Allie began to cry. Then Mary Ann took her little sister on her knee, and sang to her, and played "patty-cake, patty-cake, baker man." Allie laughed and seemed so happy that Mary Ann thought she had forgotten all about the gentle tap on her head.

But Allie had not forgotten. As soon as her mother came home, Allie went to her and said, "Mamma, sissy Mary Ann hit me wight on de head."

That was Allie's *first* speech, but it was not her last speech, I do assure you. She could talk in her sweet baby way as fast as a parrot, and though she never said "Poor Polly," she would sometimes say "Poor Allie," when she was tired or when she hurt her head.

I am quite sure Mary Ann never gave Allie another tap on her head, not even a very gentle one. She felt sorry enough when she found that Allie was so grieved with her, and did all she could to make her dear little sister forget how unkindly she had been treated.

It is the duty of every boy and girl to do all they can to make their younger brothers and sisters happy, and to assist their parents in taking care of them. The Bible says, "Let brotherly kindness continue." *A. M. L. M.*

Whiter Than Snow.

What could possibly be whiter than snow? We are almost ready to say there is nothing. Yet there is something whiter than snow. It is the heart that is washed from all its sins. — Turn to the fifty-first Psalm and seventh verse: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

A LITTLE boy, disputing with his sister about something, said, "It's true, for ma said so; and if ma says it's so, it is so, *if it isn't so*."

Our Sunday Schools.

The *Star* calls the Indiana Sunday School Convention "a glorious meeting." About fifty delegates were in attendance, and a large number of interested friends. Returns show that there are thirty-one schools in the State, with over sixteen hundred members, the average attendance being nearly twelve hundred. Six hundred copies of Sunday School papers are taken, — hardly in proportion to the number of pupils, we think.

The Convention was organized with permanent officers, of whom J. M. Bulla is President, and M. Crosley Secretary. Lively discussions were held, and "good resolutions" adopted. Among them was this:

Resolved, That the "Songs of Joy," as issued by the Universalist Publishing House, be recommended to our schools, supplying, as we believe, a want long felt in our midst.

Remember Thy Creator.

"Remember thy Creator." Do you know, young reader, where this direction is to be found? It is in the Bible. And this is not all of the direction. The whole of it reads thus: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Eccl. xii. 1.

Why should we remember our Creator? One of the greatest of all reasons is, that he never forgets us. His eye is ever upon his children; his ear is ever open to hear their calls upon him; his hand is ever in readiness to afford them aid; and without him they can do nothing. If he ever forgot his children, he would not ask them to remember him. But he is ever mindful of them, he will never leave nor forsake them. All his thoughts towards them are kind and paternal. If he punishes them for their transgressions, it is that they may be brought nearer to him.

And why should the Creator be remembered in our youthful days? Because, as soon as his children can know of such a holy and gracious being, they should think of him and love and serve him. The Psalmist calls upon "young men and maidens, old men and children," to praise the name of the Lord. The young should begin to remember and to serve him early in life, that they may grow up with this habit upon them, and think and learn more and more of him when they become men and women.

Children, whoever or whatever else you may forget, do not forget God, the giver of life and all its blessings. "Remember *now* thy Creator."

The Saviour of All.

Jesus Christ came into this world as the Saviour of all men. He is declared, in the New Testament, to be "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." If this is true of him, how can it be possible that any souls should fail at last of knowing him and partaking of the blessing of his salvation? Let us think of this when we think of Jesus as the Saviour of the world, or of all souls.

Christ's Interest in All.

All of us have an interest in Christ, because Christ has an interest in every human soul. We have an interest in him, just as we might have an interest in any great earthly treasure of our own. Christ is of more account, however, than any earthly possession we could have, or conceive of. The New Testament tells us that "in him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

Whenever we think of Christ, then, we are to think of one who has more interest in us than our dearest earthly kindred or friends can ever have. He is the eldest brother of us all — "the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." All souls are given unto him by the Father, and he has an undying love for them, because they are his Father's children, as he is his Father's well-beloved Son, sent to lead these other children into his truth, sent to instruct and to save them.

Young reader, whenever you think of Christ, think of him as your greatest blessing, the blessing without which all other blessings would not be worth possessing. Never suffer the question to linger in your mind, "What is Christ to me?" He is everything. He is "wisdom and righteousness"; he is "joy unspeakable"; he is "the peace that passeth understanding."

It Goes With Us.

What goes with us? Our evil disposition — our evil character. We cannot run away from it. We must get it out of us if we want to be happy. An old writer tells us of a person who had many houses, and who kept moving from one to the other. When asked by a friend why he did so, he replied that he wished to find happiness in some one of them. He had a very unhappy disposition, and his friend, who knew this, told him that if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind. Wherever he went, he took himself with him — the most troublesome of company.

Now it is just so with one who sins — with the transgressor of God's law. All the pleasant places to dwell in which the world can give cannot afford him peace. The Bible speaks truth when it says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." We may go to the ends of the earth, but if we have a heart to do wrong, that heart will go with us, and we shall find trouble and sorrow. Let us pray God that we may have and keep a good conscience; then we shall have happiness wherever we may go, and in whatsoever house we may live.

An Honorable Place.

The Hon. Isaac Hill, while Governor of the State of New Hampshire, had his class in the Sabbath School, and was as punctual there and as attentive to his duties as he was in his business of state. The Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, when United States Senator in Congress, from New Jersey, declared in his place before that body that he "considered it more honor to be in a Sabbath School as a teacher, with his scholars before him, than he did to be in the place which he now occupied; and of the two, he would relinquish this one first."

True Religion.

A poor slave was once thus addressed by a lively gentleman, in a jocular way: "Well, Josey, I hear you have become very religious lately, and I want to know what religion you are of." "Why, massa," said he, "my religion is to cease to do evil, and learn to do well. What religion are you of?" Could any one have given a better answer?

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XLIX.

JESUS TEACHES IN CAPERNAUM.

"If the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."

SCRIPTURE, — John vi. 22–71.

Question. — What did the multitude do in the morning after they found Jesus had gone?

Answer. — John vi. 24.

Q. — How was conveyance provided for them?

A. — John vi. 23.

Q. — When they had found Jesus, what did they say to him?

A. — John vi. 25.

Q. — With what did Jesus charge them in seeking him?

A. — John vi. 26.

Q. — What did Jesus exhort them to do?

A. — John vi. 27.

NOTE. This was a common Hebraism signifying labor not so much for the meat that perisheth as for the meat which endureth.

Q. — In what words did they inquire how they could labor for the meat which endureth?

A. — John vi. 28.

Q. — What did Jesus tell them was the labor or work?

A. — John vi. 29.

NOTE. They were to make efforts for this belief, to labor for it, as they labored for perishable bread.

Q. — What evidence of authority had God given to Jesus?

A. — John vi. 27.

NOTE. The seal of a ruler was evidence of authority and power. The Father in heaven had given to Jesus this evidence.

Q. — Still what question did they ask Jesus?

A. — John vi. 30, 31.

Q. — What was the Saviour's reply?

A. — John vi. 32.

NOTE. The meaning of this argument seems to be that the manna was not given through the direct intervention of Moses, but was given directly by the Father. But the giving of the enduring bread, as well as the miracle of feeding the multitude, was through the direct intervention of Jesus.

Q. — Who is the bread of life?

A. — John vi. 35.

Q. — What does this bread do?

A. — John vi. 33.

Q. — What shall be the condition of him that eateth this bread?

A. — John vi. 35.

NOTE. He who eats this bread shall be perfectly satisfied — satisfied with his relations to God, satisfied with the providence of God, satisfied with the work of Christ and its results.

Enigma.

1. Father of Laban.
2. Son of Jacob.
3. Husband of Ruth.
4. A disciple of Christ.
5. Son of Kish.
6. Mother of Timothy.
7. Was cast into a lion's den.
8. Brother of Cain.
9. Wife of Boaz.
10. Brother of Jacob.
11. Daughter of David.
12. Mother of Salome.
13. Mother of Cain.
14. A disciple of Christ.
15. Was a beautiful garden.
16. The first man.
17. First son of Ham.
18. A valiant man of David.
19. Sister of Martha.
20. Fifth son of Shem.
21. Second wife of Abraham.
22. Eldest son of Jesse.
23. A monk of Damascus.
24. Father of Eber.

Part of Christ's Sermon on the Mount. *Bessie Putnam.*

Answers.

AUGUST 12. Melchisedek; Eli; Laban; Crying; Hero; If; Silas; Ezra; Daniel; Eunice; Kingdom. Melchisedek, King of Salem.

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